



THE GIRL FROM MY OWN LAND

WORDS & MUSIC
BY
**LAWRENCE
LEWIS.**

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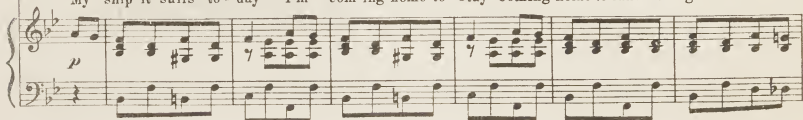
Words and Music by
LAWRENCE LEWIS

Moderato marcía



Voice

I have travell'd all a-round But I have nev-er found An-y girls in an-y land like those at
My ship it sails to-day I'm com-ing home to stay Coming home to land of right and lib-er-



home I can't ex-plain just why But some how to my eye No
ty The bat-tle smoke is o'er I think of home once more And



oth-er girls are like our coun-try's own And when I set-tle down In
that's a place that's mighty sweet to me For there waits sweet Flo The



that old Yan-kee town The on-ly kind of girl for me Is a girl who's
girl that I love so, No oth-er girl for me will do When I left



true to the old red, white and blue A daugh-ter of the land of the free.
I knew I would al-ways be true To Un- cle Sam A- mer- i- ca and you.

CHORUS *Modto*

The A-mer-i-can girl-ies are all so fair So sweet and win-some be-yond com-

pare The girls of France, may - be nice to view And England's maid-ens -

are charming too But from North to South and from East to West The girl who's

sweet-er than all the rest Is the girl I fan- cy so dear and grand

The girl who loves me from my own land. The American land.

